

# CLEAN, INDEPENDENT STANDARD.

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BARTON, VERMONT, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1868.

WHOLE NUMBER 661.

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This House is within five rods of the depot. The Stages all stop at this House. Also a good livery in connection with the same.

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Best of Furniture always kept. Sofas, Lounges, Curtains, Pictures, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Mirrors, Picture Frames, Stuffed, Cane and Wood Seats, Chairs, Tables, Cribs, Cabs, Cassinos, Spring Mattresses, Furniture repaired. A good assortment of wool, oil and lamp carpets, room paper, oak chamber sets, &c. Furniture repaired and made as good as new. Coffins and Caskets always on hand.

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Stages leave this House daily for Railway Stations.

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Agents for Nails, Plows, Saws, &c., at Wholesale and Retail.

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**F. M. PERKY.** the old and experienced Dentist of Orleans County is still at Barton, and in readiness to attend to all work pertaining to his profession in a prompt and efficient manner. Also to extract teeth without pain, by the use of Nitrous Oxide. Having one of the best Apparatus in use. Charges reasonable as those of any respectable Dentist. Please call. Advice gratis.  
Barton, Oct. 23, 1867.

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DEALER IN  
DRY & W. I. OF Hats and Caps of new styles. Also a great variety of Boots and Shoes.

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M. J. & K. E. SMITH  
have bought the Marble Works in Barton, and removed them to the basement of Kimball & Pierce's Store, where they can do as neat work as at any other shop in the County. They warrant their work to please all who may have it. Those wishing anything in their line will do well by calling upon them before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the place.

**UNDER KIMBALL & PIERCE'S STORE.**  
Barton, May 30, 1869—22

**I. G. FLOYD.**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.  
BARTON, VT.  
Particular attention paid to ladies' work of all kinds, also to repairing boots, shoes and rubbers.

**FOR SALE.**  
A good Dwelling House and Barn and outbuildings, with about one acre of good tillage and pasture land, with a running water to the house and barn—all in Iron village. Inquire of the owner on the premises.  
MILTON BARNARD.  
Barton, Aug. 13, 1868.

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All persons wanting Improved Sewing Machines that will work, will find it for their interest to call upon, or address the undersigned, giving kind of work and style of machine wanted. I will send machines on trial for ten days, to parties whose post masters will become responsible. Agents wanted everywhere.  
F. P. CHENEY, Manfr. Agent.  
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**A. R. BAILEY'S**  
PATENT BUTTER TUBS.  
Rights for sale. Send for circular. Sold to thirty-one dairymen in two days in Elmore. Not more men in town that keeps a dairy but have it or say they want it. The best thing out just as good as a keg with only half the cost. Dealers in the country like it. Address  
A. R. BAILEY.  
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**T. J. PRATT.**  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
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ALSO  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.  
WEST CHARLESTON, VERMONT. 35m3

**SAMUEL STANFORD.**  
At his Old Stand, in Irasburgh, offers extra inducements to those wishing to purchase goods in his line. He gives special attention to the

**FLOUR TRADE,**  
and guarantees the Lowest Prices.  
He has also fitted up an

**OYSTER SALOON,**  
in good style where he waits upon his customers to the best manner possible, day and night. He invites all of his friends to call and see him.  
Irasburgh, Oct. 13, 1868.

## Love Lightens Labor.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,  
And thought with a nervous dread  
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and  
more

Than a dozen mouths to be fed.  
There are meals to be got for men in the  
field,  
And the children to fix away

To school, and the milk to be skimmed  
and churned;  
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood  
Was wet as it could be;  
And there were puddings and pies to bake,  
Besides a loaf of cake for tea.

The day was hot and her aching head  
Throbbled wearily as she said,—  
"If maidens but knew what good wives  
know,

"They would be in no hurry to wed."  
"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben  
Brown?"

Called the farmer from the well;  
And a flash crept up his bronzed brow,  
And his eye half bashfully fell,  
"It was this," he said, and coming near,

He smiled, and stooping down,  
Kissed her cheek—"twas this, that you  
were the best  
And dearest wife in town?"

The farmer went back to the field and the  
wife,  
In a smiling and absent way,  
Sang snatches of tender little songs.

She'd not sung for many a day,  
And the pain in her head was gone, and  
the clothes  
Were white as foam of the sea;

Her bread was light, and her butter was  
sweet,  
And golden as it could be.  
"Just think," the children all called, in a  
breath,

"Tom Wood has run off to sea!  
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had  
As happy a home as we."

The night came down and the good wife  
smiled  
To herself, as she softly said:  
"It's sweet to labor for those we love,  
It is not strange that maidens will wed!"

THE BEETLES IN UTAH.—The Austin  
(Nev.) Reveille, of June 13th, gives  
the following description of this for-  
midable and dreadful plague:

Utah is not plagued with locusts,  
but with an insect called the "elephant  
beetle." A reliable person who  
returned from the neighborhood of  
Salt Lake last week saw myriads of  
these covering the earth with their  
shining, brownish black bodies, and  
destroying everything which they met  
in their path. Even small animals, he  
was informed by the ill-fated residents  
that they did not escape the voracity  
of these hordes; their bodies were  
crowded upon, and worried, and wound-  
ed cruelly by their powerful anten-  
nae until they fell down exhausted  
by their struggles and loss of blood,  
when they were fastened upon by  
thousands and devoured. The entire  
carcass of a sheep was eaten and the  
bones picked in two minutes and a  
quarter; and it is said that a dead ox  
would be gobbled up by them in a  
quarter of an hour. So voracious are  
these giant beetles that mothers are  
afraid to let their children go out of  
the house unattended by a grown per-  
son. In their frequent bloody con-  
tests the wounded are devoured on the  
instant.

Our informant says they are about  
four inches long, with legs three in-  
ches long; their antennae are stiff,  
sharp, and full four inches long; they  
have a short tail armed with a pow-  
erful horn, and their shells are so  
hard that the weight of a man will  
scarcely crush them. They are very  
frisky at times, and jump with the  
agility of fleas. No other species of  
the beetle possess their faculty of ut-  
tering a loud sound, which made by  
thousands of them at once, resemble  
the braying of a band of jackasses.—  
Their noise terrified the horses of our  
informant and his companion, which  
could not be kept upon the plain, so  
great was their fright. On one occa-  
sion while they were riding in a val-  
ley that was black with beetles, and  
crushing them under their horses' hooves,  
when their hard cases would crack  
with a report like a rifle, the fierce  
insects showed a disposition to  
attack the horses, and fairly drove  
them out the field. We are informed  
that a scientific man in Salt Lake city  
was collecting specimens of this for-  
midable elephant beetle, for transmis-  
sion to various learned institutions of  
the country.

On opening a bag of buckwheat at  
an Iowa city (Iowa) mill the other  
day, the miller discovered a supple-  
mentary bag containing \$370 in gold  
and silver. A few nights afterward  
the miller was awakened by the own-  
er, who said that he had had this  
buckwheat on hand some four years,  
and about that time made it the place  
of deposit of this money, but forgot  
all about it when he took his grist to  
mill.

At one of the ragged schools in Ire-  
land, a clergyman asked the question,  
"What is holiness?" A poor Irish  
convert, in dirty, tattered rags, jump-  
ed up, and said, "place your rivetence,  
it is to be clean inside."

Everently! Stupendous thought! the  
eternity! Unborn, undecaying and  
undying—the endless chain compos-  
ing the life of God—the golden thread  
entwining the destinies of the uni-  
verse.

"Don't care much about the bugs,"  
said Mr. Swink, "but the truth is, I  
have not got the blood to spare."

## A Terrible Calamity in Switzerland.

A calamity has befallen the cantons  
of Tessin, Valais, Grisons, and Uri,  
which in its immensity, stands un-  
equalled in the annals of Switzerland.

On the 27th of September, rain com-  
menced to fall in torrents along the  
northern and southern slopes of the  
Alps, and continued to descend, with  
but little intermission, for eight days.

During all this time a powerful south  
wind raged furiously amid the masses  
of snow and ice which had lain undis-  
turbed for centuries in their inacces-  
sible Alpine strongholds. Every moun-  
tain rivulet swelled into a rushing  
torrent, carrying appalling destruction  
in its course. The rivers of Tessin,  
the Rhone, the Reuss, the Rhine, and  
the Inn, in their relentless power ob-  
literated many of the choicest beauties  
of nature, impoverished thousands of  
families, and hurried hundreds to wat-  
ery graves. Heart-rending and vain  
was the struggle against the overpow-  
ering element. On it came in the  
dead night, terrible in its might, scat-  
tering destruction far and wide, and  
piling up in the meadow the mountain  
debris of ages.

Rocks weighing hun-  
dreds of tons were torn from their  
resting places and in their course joined  
the revelry of destruction. Whole  
forests, vineyards and meadows stack-  
ed with grain, have disappeared, and  
in many places, not a vestige of roads,  
bridges, fences is left; houses, mills,  
and factories are torn from their  
foundations, and even cemeteries and  
carnal houses have been invaded, and  
their contents scattered along the  
course of devastation. Thousands of  
cattle lay choked in mud, and thou-  
sands of our fellow beings are reduced  
to abject poverty. Sixty million of  
francs will fall far short of the loss  
sustained.

A correspondent of the London  
Times gives a detailed account of the  
recent disastrous floods in northern  
Italy. He says:

Over the greater part of northern  
Italy rain had fallen almost without  
intermission for twenty or thirty days,  
though not in the Alpine district so  
as to cause any serious catastrophe;  
but on the night of Sunday, the 27th  
of September, a terrible storm broke  
upon the southern slopes of the Alps,  
producing in a few hours, vast tor-  
rents and avalanches, under which  
roads, houses, and villages were swept  
away, and large tracts of fertile coun-  
try were sunk in mud and water. The  
storm of the 27th, however, proved  
only a signal of disaster to come.—  
For a week since, night and day, there  
has been one continuous storm and  
catastrophe of rain, the results of which  
are not yet known, but which has al-  
ready covered the whole valley of the  
Po with a series of inundations.

On the morning of the 29th we left  
Lucerne to cross the St. Gothard road  
in splendid weather, and in total ig-  
norance of the catastrophe of the 27th.  
Immediately after leaving Faido signs  
of destruction began. The road had  
been torn up at intervals by torrents  
descending from the precipice above,  
and swept by avalanches of earth,  
stone and timber. As we passed on  
the destruction became worse. Or-  
chards, woods, vineyards and chatlews  
were seen to have been hurled in a  
mass across the valley, which they  
covered with ruins, and for long tracts  
not only had every trace of road dis-  
appeared, but every trace of cultivation  
itself; so that what once used to be  
a rich country, teeming with prod-  
uce, and traversed by a massive  
cavalry, had returned to its primitive  
state of torrent bed and primitive  
rock.

At Bodio the disaster has been the  
greatest. The whole village was swept  
by a torrent of mud and stone, which  
scarcely left a house standing, and  
buried about twenty persons in the  
ruins. The destruction was almost  
instantaneous. The torrent which de-  
scends from the mountain above had  
burst its channel and partially flood-  
ed the houses, when, about midnight,  
on the 27th, a crash high up the pre-  
ciple was heard, and soon a stream  
of mud and stone swept over the vil-  
lage, and almost buried it out of sight.

As we reached Blacka, where the  
Breno joins the Ticino, further disas-  
ters appeared. The Breno was rising  
more violently even than the Ticino,  
and threatened to cut the communica-  
tion of the valley, which a few hours  
after we forced did actually occur.—  
The villages of this lateral valley had  
been swept by avalanches, and in all  
of them property and cattle and in  
some many lives had been lost. In a  
word, the whole valley of the Ticino,  
which every tourist will remem-  
ber as a scene of continual beauty  
and richness, has been desolated; for  
twenty, or thirty miles its entire source  
of industry has been destroyed, and  
great tracts of it have been changed  
from the most fertile soil into a mere  
desert of sand and rock.

But what was happening in the val-  
ley of the Ticino was only a specimen  
of what was befalling many a valley  
of the Alps. At Bellinzona rumors  
more or less distinct were rife of sim-  
ilar disasters in all parts of the range.  
The St. Southard road, as a great  
highway, is totally broken up on its  
southern side, and will not be com-  
pletely restored for months. The Ber-  
nardo and the Spingon are also bro-  
ken, and great bridges destroyed.—  
The Simplon road is for many leagues  
fathoms deep in water.

Before reaching Magadino the plains  
were seen to be for miles under wa-  
ter and at length the road itself was  
submerged. Here, with no small dif-  
ficulty, and at some risks, boats were

procured, and in the midst of a furious  
storm of wind, rain, and lightning,  
the valley of Magadino was reached,  
half sunk in the flood. The pier and  
all the offices at the wharf were scarce-  
ly visible, and the lake appeared to  
stretch right across the valley almost  
up to Bellinzona.

Toward evening the steamboat pro-  
ceeded on her voyage down the Lago  
Maggiore. As each town on the lake  
was passed it was seen that it was  
half sunk in the water. Locarno, Can-  
no and Luino showed only the top of  
the roof above the waves; the road  
itself was submerged; villas, churches  
and towns in the midst of the lake.—  
At Intra and Pallanza the greatest in-  
jury occurred. There the streets and  
houses were covered by twenty feet  
of water, and as they were exposed to  
the gale from the South, and the bay  
was choked with fragments of wood,  
several houses had been beaten down  
altogether, and many lives lost. On  
reaching the bay where the Tosa falls  
into the lake, it was seen that the  
whole Simplon road from Aroa to  
Ornavasco was completely under wa-  
ter, and indeed, the lower valley of  
the Tota, like that of Ticino, was a  
simple arm of the lake. The great  
hotels and the villas with which this  
part of the lake is bordered were sub-  
merged to their first and second sto-  
ries, postal and telegraphic communi-  
cation was cut off, the railway station  
at Arona was almost covered, and the  
granite posts for the electric wires  
just showed their tops above the wa-  
ter.

Every town was more or less cov-  
ered, and the inhabitants were hasten-  
ing in boats to places of safety, and  
removing parts of the furniture and  
goods by ladders from the upper win-  
dows. The Ticino was unable to car-  
ry off the pressure of waters, and had  
flooded its whole valley for leagues  
down the Lombard plain. Lago Mag-  
giore, which had risen about twenty  
feet, was still rising at the rate of  
four or five feet in a few hours, and  
there was every prospect of a still  
greater rise. Nothing of the kind has  
been known in the memory of man,  
and the only tradition of such a flood  
appears to date from one hundred  
and sixty years ago.

The bridges over the Ticino, the  
Sesia, the Adda, and the Po, have  
given away in many places; the ordinary  
communications between the cities of  
north Italy is interrupted, and the  
lakes and the rivers draining the wa-  
ter shed of the western and central  
Alps have formed wide and contin-  
uous inundations, of the carriage roads  
over the Alps, from Tenda to the Stel-  
vio, the Mount Cenis alone is prac-  
ticable. In the whole southern wa-  
ter shed of the Alps the country is  
flooded and the roads destroyed, and  
the ordinary communication between  
North Italy is broken in a dozen or  
twenty different places.

**A Legend of 1776.**  
Night had set in, deep, and in a  
small log hut, a few miles from Tren-  
ton, N. J., sat five men, four of whom  
were seated around an old oaken ta-  
ble in the center of the room, engaged  
in playing cards, while they frequent-  
ly moistened their throats with large  
draughts from an earthen jug that  
stood upon the table.

They were heavy-bearded, coarse  
looking men, and from their dress,  
which somewhat resembled the British  
uniform, they were evidently To-  
ries. The other was a stout built  
young man, clad in the continental  
uniform. He sat in one corner of the  
room with his face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories, rising  
from the table and seating himself  
near the young prisoner, for such he  
evidently was, "Tom, you and I were  
school boys together, and I love you  
yet. Now, you can't give up your  
wild notions and join us? You are  
our prisoner, and if you don't, we  
shall hand you over to headquarters  
to-morrow, while if you join us, your  
fortune is made, for with your bravery  
and talents you will soon distinguish  
yourself in the royal army, and after  
the rebellion is crushed out, your  
cause shall be rewarded by knight-  
hood and promotion in the army.—  
Now, there are two alternatives, which  
do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, rais-  
ing his head and looking the Tory  
steadily in the eye.

"I am now, as you say, your pris-  
oner, but when the clock strikes 12, I  
shall disappear in a cloud of fire and  
smoke, and neither you nor your com-  
rades, nor even myself can prevent it.  
You may watch me as closely as you  
will, but a higher power than yours  
or mine has ordained that I shall  
leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow! his mind wanders,"  
said the Tory; "he'll talk differently  
in the morning." And he returned to  
his seat at the table, leaving the youth  
with his head again resting in his  
hands.

When the clock struck eleven the  
young prisoner drew a pipe and some  
tobacco from his pocket, and asked  
the Tory leader if he had any objec-  
tions to his smoking. "None in the  
least," he said, "that is, if you will  
promise not to disappear in a cloud  
of tobacco smoke."

The young man made no reply, but  
immediately filled his pipe, having  
done which, he arose and commenced  
pacing the floor.

He took half a dozen turns up and  
down each side of the room, approach-  
ing nearer the table each time, when,  
having exhausted his pipe, he return-  
ed to his seat and re-filled it.

He continued to smoke until the  
clock struck twelve, when he arose  
from his seat, and slowly knocking the  
ashes out of his pipe, said:

"There, boys, it is twelve o'clock,  
and I must leave you. Good bye!"  
Immediately all around the room  
were seen streaks of fire hissing and  
squirring. The cabin was filled with  
dense sulphurous smoke, amidst which  
was heard a clap of thunder. The To-  
ries sat in their chairs paralyzed with  
fright.

The smoke cleared away, but the  
prisoner was nowhere to be seen.—  
The table was overturned, the win-  
dow was smashed to pieces, and one  
chair was lying on the ground outside  
of the building.

The Tory leader, after recovering  
from his stupor, gave one glance ar-  
ound the room, and sprang out of the  
window, followed by his comrades.—  
They ran through the forest at the  
top of their speed in the direction of  
the British encampment, leaving their  
muskets and other arms to the mercy  
of the flames, which had now begun to  
devour the cabin.

The next day two young men, dress-  
ed in continental uniform, were seen  
standing near the ruins of the old  
cabin. One was our prisoner of the  
night previous. "Let us hear all about  
it, Tom," said the other.

"Well," said he, "last evening as I  
was passing this place, two Tories ran  
out of the cabin and took possession  
of me. Before I could make any re-  
sistance they took me in, and who do  
you suppose I saw as a leader of their  
party, but John Barton, our old school-  
mate. He talked with me and tried  
to induce me to join them; but I told  
him I couldn't do it; that at twelve  
o'clock I was going to escape, disap-  
pear in a cloud of fire and smoke, but  
he laughed at me, and said I was out  
of my head. About eleven o'clock I  
asked him if I might smoke. He said  
he had no objection; so I filled my  
pipe and lighted it, and commenced  
walking the floor. I had about a pound  
of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I  
walked, I strewed it all over the floor.  
When the clock struck twelve I bade  
them good bye, and told them I had  
to go; and then knocking the ashes  
out of my pipe, the powder ignited,  
and a dazzling flame of fire shot across,  
around and all over the room, filling  
it with a suffocating smoke. Before  
it cleared away I hurled a chair thro'  
the window, sprang out and departed,  
leaving them to their own reflections.  
You know the rest."

**After Grant—What?**  
Hon. H. Wilson, in the New York  
Independent of this week, makes the  
following reply to this query:

"This significant question was asked  
by Wendell Phillips on the eve of  
the election. Mr. Phillips seems to  
distrust Gen. Grant, and the men who  
gave him their support. I have un-  
doubting confidence in Gen. Grant,  
and the men who made him president  
of the United States. If he or they  
shall fail to 'seek the things that make  
for peace,' if they fail to secure  
equality of rights and privileges to all  
citizens of the United States; if they  
shall fail to establish justice and mer-  
cy to all men in their right to think  
their own thoughts, utter their own  
sentiments, and do as they please,  
provided they do not interfere with  
the rights of other men, Mr. Phillips'  
distrust will rest on a better founda-  
tion than my confidence.

Of Gen. Grant I have seen much.  
I have read what he has written, and  
studied with some care his acts. I  
have heard him converse with public  
men for hours on matters pertaining  
to public affairs, civil and military.—  
His deeds are historic; as they make  
him one of the great historic charac-  
ters of the age. What he has written  
is before the country; and his ene-  
mies have found nothing in it even  
for historic criticism. In all the hours  
of his conversation to which I have  
listened, I do not remember him to  
have uttered a trifling word or an il-  
liberal or unjust sentiment. I have  
great faith, confidence and hope in the  
republican party—so much faith, con-  
fidence and hope that I have never  
written a line or uttered a word to  
disparage, distract or divide it. I be-  
lieve it was brought into being to  
meet the needs of the country—to do  
a great work for the nation, for man,  
and for God. But great as I believe  
this party to be, I have never, since I  
have known him, questioned Gen.  
Grant's fitness to be its chosen leader.

I have undoubting faith that Gen.  
Grant will prove himself as worthy  
to lead the republican party for the  
next four years as he was to command  
the armies of the United States. I be-  
lieve, too, that the republican party  
will prove itself as worthy of such a  
leader as did those armies. Gen.  
Grant stands pledged to the country  
to have no policy of his own other  
than that of the clearly expressed sen-  
timents and opinions of the people  
themselves. Nor have they ever ex-  
pressed those sentiments and opinions  
for the guidance of presidents and  
congresses, more clearly and unquali-  
fiedly than in the recent presidential  
election. Neither Gen. Grant, nor  
congress, friend or foe, can mistake  
the determined purpose of the Amer-  
ican people. It has been my privi-  
lege to take a humble part in eight  
presidential elections.

Never in any of these elections have  
there been such clear perceptions of  
the country's necessities and such per-  
fect accord of opinion and feeling,  
with such precision and boldness of  
utterance concerning them. The re-  
publican press and speakers, all

over the country have completely har-  
monized in their views. They have  
uttered the same sentiments in the  
North and in the South, and at the  
East and the West. The popular heart  
has been responsive to their appeals.  
The great party that has made Gen.  
Grant president, and chosen a house  
of representatives to sustain his ad-  
ministration, has fought and won the  
battles on a higher plan of action than  
that of any previous political organi-  
zation—far higher than its own in  
the great contests of 1856, 1860 and  
1864.

During this canvass I have traveled  
nearly ten thousand miles in the east-  
ern, central and western States; and  
I have addressed fifty-six assembla-  
ges, mostly large mass meetings. I  
have spoken to tens of thousands—  
conservative and radical, men of all  
pursuits and professions; and I have  
never been cautioned, as in former  
campaigns, against the utterance of  
extreme opinions on the subjects of  
slavery or human rights. Our speak-  
ers were as warmly and enthusiastically  
applauded when they proclaimed  
equal rights and equal privileges for  
all citizens, and the protection of lo-  
yal men without distinction of color or  
race, in one part of the country as  
another. Never have I seen masses  
of men so imbued with the spirit of  
patriotism, of liberty, of justice and  
of humanity.

There is no mistaking the verdict  
of the people. Neither Gen. Grant  
nor congress can misunderstand it.—  
They have declared for the speedy  
and complete restoration of the Union  
on the basis of loyalty and liberty;  
the universal equality of rights and  
privileges; and the protection of the  
American citizens everywhere, at  
home and abroad. They have also  
emphatically proclaimed that the  
plighted faith of the nation shall be  
unswerving, its credit maintained and  
the currency improved.

They are pledged to economy in  
the administration of the government,  
to the general diffusion of knowledge,  
and to the development of the illi-  
mitable resources of this continental  
empire. So elected and representing  
such a constituency, Gen. Grant can-  
not fail to administer the government  
in the interest of opinions and pur-  
poses so clearly pronounced. Nor, so  
doing, can he fail to make the inspir-  
ing watchword he gave the nation—  
"Let us have peace"—a blessed real-  
ity."

**The Windmill.**  
Ex-Governor Fairfield of Michigan,  
relates the following beautiful inci-  
dent of Prussian history:

I remember—if you will pardon me  
for this word of illustration; I know  
a windmill is an ordinary thing, that  
there is nothing beautiful about it;  
but I remember seeing one that seem-  
ed beautiful. It had its history. Its  
history you will allow me to revert to.  
When Frederick the Great was Em-  
peror of Prussia, he went out a little  
way from Berlin and built him a pa-  
lace at San Souci. He and the empress  
were seated one Sabbath afternoon in  
their beautiful grounds, and the em-  
press said:

"I don't like that old windmill over  
there. I wish you would buy the  
grounds and tear it away, as it mars  
the beauty of our grounds, being right  
alongside, and so near them here."

"I'll do it to-morrow," said he.  
So on the morrow he went to the  
mill and told him he wished to buy  
his little homestead.

"I don't wish to sell," said the mil-  
ler.

"But," said the emperor, "I must  
have it; I wish to extend and beautify  
my grounds, and your windmill is an  
eyesore to the empress."

"But," said he, "my grandfather is  
buried yonder, and my father is buried  
there, and this has been the home of  
my ancestors for generations; I want  
to live and die here, and I cannot sell  
it."

The emperor getting out of pa-  
tience, said he would order his men  
to tear the mill down, and take pos-  
session of the grounds.

Said the miller, "May it please  
your majesty, there are laws in Prussia,  
and I can sue you."

"I don't care," said the emperor,  
and went on and tore down the mill.  
The miller sued him, and the courts  
decided against his majesty, and de-  
clared that he should rebuild the mill,  
and pay to the last farthing, all the  
miller had lost.

The emperor bowed his head and  
went and rebuilt the mill, and paid all  
damages. After a while Frederick  
the Great was in his grave, and by  
another miller was there, and another  
emperor was on the throne.

The miller wrote to his reigning majesty,<